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THE SHERIFF OF QUARTZVILLE.

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Dr. Jim was somewhat of a mystery in Quartzville. The citizens of this raw, little, miners' settlement were not naturally curious. In fact, there were few whose own lives would have borne the closest inspection; but in some inexplicable manner the belief had become prevalent that Dr. Jim's life previous to his appearance at Quartzville had been blighted by some unique and direful misfortune. He lived alone in a little cabin on a bluff, apart from the straggling assemblage of buildings which constituted Quartzville, and there were rumors of certain pictures and other relics of the past which Dr. Jim was supposed to weep over and worship. Furthermore, it was noticed that the daily mail, which to the ordinary miner was a matter of supreme importance, excited little interest in Dr. Jim. Then, too, his claim was named the "Sorrow," and such a lugubrious title was viewed with suspicion in a camp where the popular nomenclature was extremely exuberant, and included such fanciful names as the "Hoop'er-up," the "Hock Shop," and so forth. Indeed, it must be admitted that there was a shadow of haunting

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sadness in Dr. Jim's stern blue eyes that bespoke past suffering and grief.

Notwithstanding the general curiosity, no one, with one exception, had ever dared question him. On one occasion "Ante" Dan, the driver of the overland stage, made a bet with a crowd of miners gathered in the "Slide-up" saloon, that he would ascertain the truth or falsity of the rumor from Dr. Jim's own lips; so, having fortified himself with sundry potations at the bar of the "Slide-up," he approached Dr. Jim and boldly broached the subject.

For answer, Dr. Jim quietly laid his hand on the man's shoulder and looked him square in the eyes.

"Between you an' me, Dan," he said, very calmly, "I wouldn't *advise* you to mention the subject."

There was something in Dr. Jim's keen blue eyes and something in the set of his jaw that immediately persuaded "Ante" Dan to take his advice and pay his debts like a man.

Otherwise, Dr. Jim was as other men in Quartzville; only he was never seen drunk and never heard to swear. His title, "Doctor," was not derived from the mere whim of his associates; for, in addition to working his claim, he really ministered to the medical wants of the community. Cases of illness were rare in Quartzville, but he found ample opportunity in the numerous "accidents" which occurred. Within the first week after his arrival, he established a reputation for supreme courage by leading a relief party in the big cave-in in the "Ace-of-Clubs," and many a miner could say with truth that he owed his life to Dr. Jim's bravery and medical skill on that occasion.

It is not at all strange that when Quartzville awoke to its need of regeneration and elected its first sheriff, Dr. Jim was the man selected as the first incumbent of that important office. He performed his duties with the utmost rigour, and Quartzville was soon transferred from a disso-

lute miner's camp into a law-abiding community, which was carefully avoided by all who feared the law as enforced by Dr. Jim.

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One Sunday in the late spring, about a year after his election as sheriff, Dr. Jim was sitting in the doorway of his cabin on the bluff, occupied with reading the weekly newspaper, by means of which he kept himself informed of the events of the outside world. He had hardly finished a careful perusal of the sheet, when his attention was attracted to a man riding at full speed along the road below the bluff. He was going toward Quartzville, and spurred his pony unmercifully. At that instant the stage, with "Ante" Dan on the box, emerged from a copse of *madronos* which intervened between Dr. Jim's cabin and the main street of Quartzville. Dr. Jim saw the horseman rein up and wave his hand to "Ante" Dan, in response to which that worthy drew up with a flourish.

"Now then, look lively, stranger. What d'you want? This stage ain't got no time to waste."

The words came up to the Doctor faintly but clearly through the rarified mountain atmosphere.

"Is there a doctor hereabouts?"

"A doctor? Why, sartain. Dr. Jim lives right up thar on that bluff, and ther ain't no better doctor nor him in this hull d—— State."

Without waiting for further information, the stranger forced his jaded pony up the ascent to the Doctor's cabin.

When he reached it he shouted hoarsely to Dr. Jim, who was standing in the doorway, "Are you the doctor?"

"I am. What can I do for you?"

"Get on your horse and come with me. My little girl's choking to death—the other side of the river."

Without a word Doctor Jim seized his medicine kit, tightened the girths of his pony which stood already sad-

dled at the door, and galloped off with the stranger. The man led the way to the ford of the Wappahannah, which they crossed with some difficulty, as the stream was swollen with the spring rains. From there he followed the stage trail for about a mile, then left the road, turned abruptly and entered a deep canyon known as "Hell's Mouth," whose rocky walls ran sheer seven hundred feet upward. Inside was the vast silence of the pines, whose lofty umbrage produced an eternal gloom, and whose pungent breath perfumed the air with balsamic odors. Even the hoof-beats of their horses were muffled in the beds of pine needles. The stranger followed the course of a little stream which wound its sluggish way through the roots of the pines. Just as the gorge began to widen and merge into the valley, the man dismounted, and followed by the doctor made his way through the scrub. After several minutes, the two emerged into a natural clearing, in the center of which stood a rough log hut, recently patched with pine branches. As they entered the low doorway, Doctor Jim saw a woman sitting on a bench, and in her lap lay a child, whose gasping breath and clenched hands were eloquent of its suffering.

"Thank God, you've come at last," she said. "Is this the doctor?"

"Yes, Mary; this is the doctor."

"Oh, save my baby—my little Nellie. She's all I have, and you must save her," she cried, pleadingly.

"Well, ma'am," replied the doctor, with a sympathy as awkward as it was genuine, "I'll do all I can for her. Just lay her down on the bed there, till I find out what's the matter."

It did not require much examination to assure Doctor Jim what ailed the little one.

"Well," he began, hesitatingly, after his brief diagnosis, "I don't know as there is any use keepin' it from you—"

"Oh, no—no. Tell me; what is it?" the woman broke in passionately.

"The baby's got diphtheria."

"*Diph—the—ria!*" The woman repeated the word mechanically, not realizing, for a moment, its dread import.

"Oh, no," she said dazedly, "not diphtheria. You are mistaken—not diphtheria?"

"I'm afraid there ain't no mistake, ma'am; but it isn't always fatal, you know, and I'll do my best for the little one."

"Oh, you *must* save her," the woman gasped. "Why, she's all I have—my only one. I *can't* lose her."

Doctor Jim quieted the woman as best he could, and began to prepare his simple medicines. As he did so, his eyes wandered over the interior of the hut. It was evident that it had been occupied but a short time; but the furnishings, scanty enough, were much superior to a miner's cabin. In a corner stood a modern steamer trunk, on one end of which there had been, evidently, some metal letters, which had been removed. The glue, however, remained in sufficient quantities to enable the doctor to trace the three letters, "R. P. R." He had an indefinite recollection of having seen that combination before, somewhere, but could not fix the association in his mind. As he pondered, half unconsciously, the man, who had left to see to the horses, returned and stooped low over the moaning child. As he did so, a stray sunbeam fell upon his head, and the doctor noticed a faint blue scar over his left eye. With a flash of memory, it came to him—the article in the paper concerning Ridoubt, the forger. The whole sensational story came back now, with startling vividness. Ridoubt was the son of one of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of San Francisco. In his youth he had been wild and dissolute, and finally had cul-

minated his reckless career by marrying an actress whose beauty—in the parent's eyes—had failed to compensate for her lack of social standing. For the marriage he was disowned and disinherited. For three years he subsisted—Heaven knows how!—and then disappeared with his wife and the little girl which had been born to them. A short time after his disappearance, it was discovered that he had forged his father's and others' names for thousands of dollars.

How like a cheap novel it all sounded, as he recalled the story! And this man was Ridoubt, the forger; he could not doubt it, for the article had especially mentioned the faint scar as a means of identification. For the first time the doctor noticed the dissolute weakness of the man's face. The woman—as Doctor Jim looked at her, holding the child in her arms, her face transfigured by love and tenderness—he thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Then with a shock there came to him a sense of his duty; this man was a criminal, and Doctor Jim was a sheriff and must arrest him. Without an instant's hesitation he dropped his hand to the belt of his revolver and approached the man.

"I arrest you for forgery, Robert Ridoubt," he said quickly. "Don't resist—I've got the drop on you."

The man was taken completely off his guard. He staggered back and turned deathly pale.

"God! You—you—why, how did you—?" He choked and gasped incoherent words.

At that moment the doctor heard a quick movement behind him, and a voice, sibilant and imperative: "Drop that gun, or I'll shoot you dead."

The sheriff wheeled like a flash to find himself looking along the gleaming barrel of a rifle and into the glittering eyes of the woman—no, not the woman, but the tigress, the fury, into which the woman had been trans-

formed. One glance was sufficient, and the sheriff dropped his gun. At that moment the babe uttered a gasping cry, and tossed her little arms in distress. The rifle wavered in the woman's hands. The look of feline ferocity vanished and melted slowly into that of mother-love. With a low cry she dropped the rifle and sprang to the bedside of the child. The man had picked up the doctor's gun and held him covered. The doctor, however, had comprehended the advantage of his position.

"You've got the drop on me, all right," he said, coolly, "but you'd better give up right now, and save trouble."

"I'll see you damn'd first."

"Very well," the sheriff said slowly and impressively. "If you don't, that child will be dead within the next twenty-four hours."

"Oh! Don't say that!" the woman gasped; then to her husband: "Oh, Robert, what can we do?"

The sheriff went on unheeding. "If you surrender, I'll do everything that man can do. If not—" He left the sentence unfinished. "I'm the only doctor in fifty miles. Now, decide; every second counts."

For one intense minute the man hesitated. In his heart the love of self and liberty waged fierce conflict with his love as a father and all the nobler instincts of the man. The wife watched him, her eyes eloquent with dumb pleading. Then she came to him and put her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Robert, my husband, can you hesitate?" she sobbed, "for little Nellie, our baby?"

"No! no! Never! God knows I'm a cheat, but I'm not a brute. I surrender, sheriff. Here; put on the handcuffs—quick."

There was an unwonted shake in the sheriff's voice as he replied:

"We won't bother with the handcuffs, I guess, I need you to help me."

All day and far into the night Doctor Jim and his two aids fought the grim battle with the dread disease. Toward morning the little one fell into a peaceful sleep, breathing easily. Doctor Jim felt the little pulse and passed his hand over the moist baby brow, and breathed a great sigh of relief. "Thank Heaven, the worst is over."

While ministering to the stricken babe, Doctor Jim had entirely forgotten that the man at his side was a criminal and his prisoner; but when the time came for his return to Quartzville, the question presented itself as to the disposal of the prisoner. The more he pondered, the more problematical it became. He could not move them all to Quartzville on account of the danger of moving the child, and because of the infectious nature of the disease. He could not take the man with him and leave the woman alone with the sick babe; and it was equally impossible for him to remain there until the child had completely recovered. There was no alternative; he must trust the man's honour.

"Look here, Ridoubt," he began awkwardly, "I don't see any other way but for you to give me your word of honour not to skip the ranch till I get back. You see, I can't take you with me and leave your wife alone, and I can't stay here always myself. What d'you say?"

Ridoubt looked at him a moment, almost incredulous.

"Why," he began, "if you mean it—I don't know as there is any oath sacred enough—but I'll give you my word of honour as a husband and a father not to leave until you say the word."

With a few parting directions, Dr. Jim left the cabin, just as the first rays of the rising sun touched the tops of the mountains with liquid fire.

For two weeks Doctor Jim spent the greater part of his time at the little hut on the mountain side. Under his skillful care, little Nellie soon became convalescent. With a childish intuition, she recognized in the doctor a saviour and a friend, and displayed for him a preference which won the heart of the grim sheriff. The parents seemed to recognize the delicacy of the situation, and usually left the two together, either in the little cabin, or strolling through the pines, the little girl resting in Doctor Jim's strong arms.

He brought her many gifts which had to be ordered through "Ante" Dan from a distant city. These strange orders and Dr. Jim's inexplicable visits to Hell's Mouth caused much excitement at Quartzville. Speculation ran high and all the old rumors were revived and new ones invented to explain the doctor's actions. Yet, such was the well-known character of Doctor Jim's aversion to expressed curiosity, that no one had the temerity to question him, and his behaviour remained cloaked in mystery, as far as Quartzville was concerned.

One Sunday, just two weeks from the day when Doctor Jim first entered Hell's Mouth, he was sitting by the little stream which trickled through the canyon. By his side, Nellie was playing with some of the doctor's gifts. There was a look of troubled abstraction on his face, and the child's artless prattle fell on unheeding ears. Presently, feeling herself neglected, she left her play and climbed to Doctor Jim's knees.

"Dotter," she purred, "is you cross wiv Nellie?"

For answer, Doctor Jim took the little pink face in his big hands, glanced around furtively, and then set his rough face against the little tender one.

"No, Nellie, I am not cross with you. But I have been thinking—of another little girl like you. She was sick, too."

"Did she have differia?"

"Yes, she had 'differia;' but she didn't get well. And her mamma—she died—only a week afterwards." Doctor Jim's voice broke; his head sunk in his hands, and his figure was convulsed with dry sobbing. The little girl watched him with a child's mute wonder at a strong man's grief. After a minute he controlled himself with an effort. "Nellie," he said, "I want you to tell your father—no, I'll write it, to make sure."

Tearing a leaf from a memorandum, he wrote hastily. Then he carried the child to the edge of the clearing, a short distance from the cabin, gave her the note and kissed her good-bye.

"Good-bye, Nellie—God bless you. Now go straight to your papa and give him this piece of paper. Good-bye—don't forget Doctor Jim."

For a moment he watched her as she toddled toward the cabin; then mounted his pony and rode away toward Quartzville.

Inside the cabin, the man and woman were reading the hastily-written note:

"You are free to go, as far as I am concerned. I was a father once, and it is for little Nellie's sake I do this. God bless you both—be good to Nellie."

"DOCTOR JIM."

—*W. F. Goodwin Thacher.*

BALZAC'S FIRST AUTHORIZED NOVEL.

The study of the early work of great authors is generally the study of oaks in acorns. It would seem that these forest monarchs not infrequently spring up in a

night, by some magic principle of growth, like Gretchen's tree in the fairy tale. But it is only a few favorites of the gods who can awake some fine morning and find themselves famous. For most the acquiring of renown is a matter of rough start and slow development under the normal laws of Man and Nature. To revert to our familiar figure, many years may pass before the oak rises above the puny plants which surround it, and spreads its branches into free and unlimited ether. So, when we investigate an author's first book, we may expect to find it peculiarly sensitive to the influence of the literary generation into which he is born, and yet at the same time bearing the stamp of his own personality, and suggesting the possibility of his later work. Since this is a research in embryology we must advance microscope in hand.

The reader of "Eugénie Grandet" and "Le Curé de Tours" would decide *a posteriori* that the growth of Balzac's genius had been peculiarly slow. For the essence of that genius lies in its grasp of the innumerable minutiae of life and environment, which can be gained only by the most patient and assiduous observation. The facts of the matter do not belie this judgment. Like his English contemporary, Thackeray, and unlike Dickens, Balzac was over thirty before he wrote anything to distinguish himself from the mass. Meanwhile he had scribbled away at some twenty long novels, "veritable Grub Street productions," everyone of which failed as completely as it deserved. As he left them all unsigned, he must have realized that they attempted the impossible, the reproduction of life without sufficient acquaintance with it. Even by 1827, he had not gained the necessary experience. In that year, overwhelmed by debts, he packed his few belongings, turned his back upon beloved Paris, and took up a temporary residence at Fougères, in Brittany. He was off in search of materials for "Les Chouans," the first scene of the mighty *Comédie Humaine*.

I confess that it was with no intention of minutely studying origins and impulses that I began the reading of this story. My interest had been aroused in the War of the Vendée by Mr. Gilbert Parker's delightful romance, "The Battle of the Strong." I was longing to see more of the Duc de Vaufontaine, *dit* Détrican, and I was wondering how Balzac, the realist, would treat this struggle about which has hung the glamour of self-sacrifice. My longing was gratified by the barest glimpse of the hero, and my wonderment was quickly dispelled on finding the author no realist, but a brutal romanticist without ideals.

At first this seemed an alarming discovery, so inconsistent was it with my previous acquaintance with Balzac, but on reflection it became merely the rigid application of that wise generalization which M. Faguet makes on Balzac's literary character. "He is a realist," says that distinguished critic, "in the observation of material things and facts, too often a romanticist in the invention of his adventures." Now "*Les Chouans*" is a novel full of restless movement and incident, so full that it sometimes leaves one quite out of breath, and one's memory of it must soon degenerate into a jumble. All the ingredients are supplied for carrying out the romance recipe. It is very easy. Take a battle, a highway robbery, a fair unknown, a dastardly spy, a handsome masquerader, soldiers and savages, mix thoroughly with a Norman castle, a moonlight massacre, a miser, a ball and a wedding, add the juice of titles, the spice of passions and bucketfuls of blood, and *voilà!* Pray be seated, *mesdames et messieurs*, and try some of our delicious romance, warranted to please the most exacting taste.

For my part I rather like this when it is seasoned with not *too* much passion and with only a little blood. But even that has a cannibal sound, and the concoction which Balzac serves is most decidedly brutal. Not con-

tent with the battle and massacre aforementioned, he must needs describe, separately and in detail, the murders of Gérard and Merle, of Marie and The Gars, he must hold you an unwilling spectator, while d'Orgemont is toasted, and he must fairly gloat over the beheading of poor Galope-Chopine. A romance can have no *raison d'être*, unless it make the reader forget this humdrum life of ours, and lead him out for a time into the pure, bracing air of a new heaven and a new earth. Such is the effect of the Waverley Novels and even the Leather-stocking Tales—when one is a boy of twelve. But it is precisely what "Les Chouans" fails to accomplish, though it was written, Sainte-Beuve says, in imitation of Scott and Cooper. The sentiments it inspires are not admiration for courage, honour, and chivalrous love, but disgust for the triumph of passion over duty, and cheerful resignation to the divine decree that the reaper must reap what the sower sows. Its utility—if it has any—arises from these negative feelings, which Balzac was probably not seeking to enforce.

The subtitle of "Les Chouans" is "Brittany in 1799," and the character of the locality as well as of the story, made it impossible for the author to disregard natural scenery. It is another saying of M. Faguet that there was hardly more than one wind of literary doctrine by which Balzac was not carried away. The one to which he refers is the appreciation of nature, and Balzac's failure to be moved by it was no doubt due to the fact that it is too light and delicate a zephyr to lift such ponderous intellectuals, rather than from any unwillingness on his part. In fact he attempted in "Le Lys dans la Vallée" to write in a poetic strain of the outdoor world, and partially succeeded. In the novel under discussion, while sometimes he flashes a picture before our eyes with the vividness of a dream, too often he does not impart that intensity of interest in which he could so well envelop his description of chairs and tables, of hats and coats, of faces and forms.

At thirty he had already acquired a measure of this latter power. Evidence of it is found scattered throughout "Les Chouans," from the first page to the last. It may be seen in the sketch of the motley troop of "Blues" and "Goat-skins," of the wretched *turgotine*, of the peasant's squalid cabin, of the *échaliers*, and of Mademoiselle de Verneuil's bridal chamber. The portrait of Marche-à-Terre is a masterpiece. Still, Balzac does not show us, as he afterwards did, the mutual relation between man and his material environment. He does not teach us how we are imperceptibly molded by our surroundings, and how, in turn, our habitual mental aspect constantly reveals itself in the things about us. Perhaps it is hardly to be expected that he would. A romance is not a convenient medium for the transmission of such views on life.

To the development of his characters by their intercourse he pays far more attention. Sooner or later he states explicitly the motive or motives by which each of them is controlled, and the plot is made up of the resultants of these motives when they are brought into contact. Here a text may be taken from Henry James: "We are almost inclined to say that his profoundly simple people are his best." We may go further and omit the "almost," and the proposition will hold good, I believe, whether we take "simple" to mean "artless and sincere," or to refer to those characters which are swayed by one master passion. This, of course, is not a general rule which will apply with equal force to Daudet, Jane Austen, Tolstoi, Stevenson, or George Eliot. For it must be allowed that, save Balzac, the great fictionists have reached their loftiest heights when depicting men and women in whose minds, as in ours, not one but many forces struggle for supremacy. Somehow with Balzac it is different. He gains in grasp and power what he loses in versimilitude, and stamps his finest characters on our memories as indelible integers. They are types, yet they are individuals.

Applying this principle to "Les Chouans," it is an easy matter to draw a sharp dividing line. On the side of simplicity may be placed Hulot, Marche-à-Terre, Francine and d'Orgemont; on the side of complexity the quartet of prominent characters, Mademoiselle de Verneuil, Montauran, Corentin and Madame du Gua.

Marie, the inevitable adventuress of the French romance, is indeed both "ange et démon," as she so frankly acknowledges, and defies all mankind to determine whether she is more one than the other. In spite of her pathetic confession we cannot believe her more sinned against than sinning. Just when it appears that the "angel" has won the day at last, that she too, as Trilby and *la Dame aux Camélias*, can make the supreme sacrifice and leave her lover for her lover's sake, the "demon" comes forward again. The supposed sacrifice is but a ruse. She must stealthily return to watch the effects of her heroics through a crevice in the rocks. After that, not even the lesser sacrifice of her life can make us respect her, and to the end she remains a disagreeable puzzle which no one really cares to solve.

Like "Vanity Fair" this is a novel without a hero. No doubt Balzac intended The Gars to be such, but the "man with a future" who wittingly lets himself be ruined by a "woman with a past," is no hero for an honest Anglo-Saxon. If the author has become for the moment a sentimentalist, and is tacitly teaching that love (or rather lust) consecrates all things, even the betrayal of high trust, he has offended our moral tastes. In any event, in spite of his "youthful charm," his "conscientious exaltation," and his scruples about theft, the Marquis de Montauran is as much to be despised as that familiar stage villain, Corentin, who, "a martyr to three passions—love, avarice, ambition"—is thought by himself and by Balzac to be a very marvel of ingenious wickedness.

It is a pleasure to turn from such high-strung characters who, let us hope, belong to an "extinct race that never existed," to gentle Francine and the Commandant Hulot. The former is one of Balzac's innumerable good servants. She is in very truth "*charmante de simplicité.*" The sophistication of her mistress is an admirable foil for her own purity and tender faithfulness; for like la Grande Nanen, she does not possess "*assez d'esprit pour comprendre les corruptions du monde.*" We are grateful to Balzac for having left her at the end among the living—a very select company by that time. But we cannot help being provoked with him for condemning her to Marche-à-Terre.

Hulot is indisputably the best character of the book. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that he is the one character worthy of the creator. The type of those soldiers who followed Napoleon from one end of Europe to the other, who whistled a tune while the bullets flew, and who, while deploring the misfortunes of their native land, rejoiced to have to fight for her, he stands forth clearly and nobly with his old blue uniform and bristling mustachios. Where there is so much gloominess and surcharge of passion we grow to crave for more of his sincerity, his straightforwardness, his generosity, his rugged, wholesome speech. I fell into the habit of chuckling whenever I saw his name, sometimes because it was accompanied by a touch of Balzac's humour but usually from a mere feeling of relief.

The salient features of that philosophy of life which afterwards became so characteristic of the *Comédie Humaine* may be said to be its materialistic tendencies, its faith in the monarchy and in Roman Catholicism, its lack of admiration for disinterested virtue, and its belief, for dramatic purposes at least, in what Mark Twain calls "mental telegraphy." Reference has already been made to Balzac's passion for "things" as it appears in "Les Chouans." His

political views, if they are left to be determined by the expressions of opinion woven into the woof of the story, had not yet assumed their final and definite form. Not once but several times, he compares the Republican officers with the wearers of the white cockade, to the latter's great disparagement. Marie, wavering in her allegiance, scrutinizes the strong faces of Merle and Gérard and exclaims, "Ah, there is the nation, there is liberty! Leaning on the present which they dominate, they destroy the past, but for the future's profit." And of the royalists she remarks, "This has not the other's breadth of purpose; for, crouching over the ruins, it wishes to make a future of the past." Regarding the Church Balzac is quite impartial. The Abbe Gudin is a monster, yet the priest who appears in the wedding scene was one who adhered to his principles even in the thick of war's storm. The author's moral outlook is tinged by the desperate attempts of a young man to be pessimistic. He speaks of a woman as being "too beautiful to be virtuous." Dissimulation is everywhere and always prominent, and there is not an unselfish act until the last page is reached. I recall but a single mention of presentiment,—where he cleverly defines it as "that unexplained but real power, which the passions always find as complaisant as a flatterer who, through his lies, sometimes tells the truth."

In a letter dated Paris, 1827, he wrote to the *alma soror* to whom "*Les Proscrits*" is dedicated: "Fifteen more days will see me through "*Les Chouans*;" till then, no Honoré." His words are true in another sense than the one intended. The Honoré of "*Les Chouans*" is indeed not the Honoré of "*Louis Lambert*" and "*Séraphita*." It is Balzac writing in an unBalzacian style. The ease with which a foreigner may read the book soon apprises of that fact. The vocabulary employed, though enriched by Breton patois and military slang, and though revealing a

familiar acquaintance with dress-making and agricultural terms, is by no means possessed of Shakespearean proportions. The action of characters is not impeded by a medley of metaphysical reasoning, literary allusions, technical law language and similes taken from the realm of natural science. But while some of the faults are avoided, most of the charms of that elephantine style, commonly known as Balzac's, are nowhere sensible. There is none of the novelty and the grandeur which was lent by its almost infinite fecundity.

The structure of "Les Chouans" also shows the poverty of Balzac's art. He might have omitted without impairing the integrity of the plot, the whole of the first chapter, though to be sure, it is the most interesting of the three. Some of the conversations seem interminable, and he could not then resist, any better than in his later work, the temptation which long opening descriptions offered to his pen. The power of these descriptions, however real and however intense, would have been many times multiplied had they been dispersed throughout their course of the narrative. Balzac always begins them with a mild air of apology, as though he, himself, were conscious of their fault.

In short, we have weighed "Les Chouans" in the balances, and found it wanting, in description, in characterization, in style and in structure. It is neither "unpretentious" nor "true," and so can be neither "beautiful" nor "good." Intrinsically its merit is so small as hardly to be discoverable with the naked eye, and the microscope with which we began our search will reward us only with the knowledge of what Balzac at thirty could not do. The greatness of this oak would never have been suggested by its acorn.

—D. Laurance Chambers.

PEEDLE.

The raptures of a mother's heart from the realm of women to that of chickens over a new babe or chick have been so frequently commented upon that they do not merit description with regard to the advent of my first boy, Jack; nor need I dwell upon the emotion of the fond father.

The novelty of paternity soon wore off and other interests arose to take its place. Jack's voice was early heard in the neighborhood persistently defending his own rights, and there were few arts of cajolery or even of coercion that he did not learn at an early period of his existence. No one denied that he was a most important factor in family arrangements, for he served not only as a source of endless interest to both his father and mother, but filled a vacuum in the hearts of several maiden aunts and a widowed grandmother, with whom we made our home.

Jack appreciated his importance to the full, and exercised his powers in a unique way. Naturally a gourmand, he learned by experience that when his mother refused a dainty that tickled his little but experienced palate, an appeal to one of his aunts was a sure way to gratify his infantine appetite. Anyone blessed with a large and loving family, as is the scribe, knows all the annoyances—perpetrated with the best intentions—that are connected with the rearing of one's first child.

Perhaps both Kate and I were inexperienced. My mother and aunts-in-law affirmed that our ignorance was simply appalling, and justified their intrusions into what we thought was our peculiar province with all the crushing force of superior feminine logic.

I was a young, struggling writer, but not successful enough to make me independent of the generous allow-

ance of my mother-in-law, Mrs. Beardsley, which induced me to overlook all those little attentions that combined for Jack's destruction, on the part of the members of my wife's family. Poor Kate, who really had very sensible notions about the rearing of children, bowed in submission to the same influence that troubled and caressed her own youth.

Jack survived the colic and the croup and the other traditional diseases of well-born infants—Heaven knows how—and seemed to thrive on preserves and confections made in a wonderful manner by Aunt Rebecca. I surveyed this spoiling process from a superior point of view, and advocated rearing the boy on psychological principles. Jack positively refused the metaphysical system, but he was blessed with a nature which rendered him a delightful specimen for my own observations; observations that he doubtless would have resented, as he resented any captious criticism of his doings, had they been made elsewhere than in the recesses of my own brain. When he was scarcely a year old, his nurse dropped him from the top of the stairs to the gallery below. He wailed lustily. We rushed to the scene of action and thought he was ruined for life, but Aunt Susan carried him off in triumph, fed him freely with a favorite patent medicine, and cured him—Heaven again knows how!

This was only one of a thousand incidents in which that panacea triumphed over all my psychological principles and the science of local physicians.

At the age of one, Jack said "Ma" quite unexpectedly, and was sick all night over a sugar-plum with which he was rewarded by Aunt Rebecca.

At two he could talk and was constantly ill. I verily believe the elder Miss Beardsley entered into a conspiracy with her sister Susan to make the boy sick, in order to prove the virtues of that elixir which had preserved him

from spinal meningitis in his first year, and I don't know how many other diseases since.

At three, I felt that I would have to abandon literature as a profession, for Jack had acquired such a curious interest in everything I did. His intuition, moreover, into family affairs was marvelous. "Pa," he asked one day, in his charming baby prattle, "what you always write for?"

"To get good things for little Jack to eat."

A supercilious curl drew his little red lips into a tiny bow.

"Then come play with Jack, 'cause gran'ma do that."

This was more truth than poetry. My pencils were always gone, my papers torn, strewn about my room, or covered with circus pictures (scribbled in desperation at Jack's demand). My pipes were always mislaid, my tobacco piled in little heaps along the study carpet, against which he emptied the sherry to illustrate the disastrous effects of a tidal wave. Things went from bad to worse; he was saucy, he was inquisitive, he broke the china, he annoyed the servants, he drove his master to the verge of nervous prostration. His aunts and grandmother alone remained serene through everything.

Only one thing sustained me; the psychological evolution of Jack's brain served as a source of endless interest, and in a measure compensated me for the pranks he played and the anxieties I suffered on his account. At three and a half his imagination budded, blossomed like a spring flower, and bore fruit as though it had been reared in a hot-house. It had a long and varied career, which I followed with a zeal worthy of a better cause. I remember distinctly its first appearance.

Among other treasures preserved as mementos of the free and easy days of college—gone now, alas! these many years—was a fine old meerschaum, which my father brought me from Germany while I was still a Freshman

at Princeton, now brown and rosy with age and many a good old smoke. "Joshua" had been my companion in many a college event, and on his full-brown bosom most of my cronies had scratched their nicknames, "Lifty," "Spivens," "Sunshine," etc.

Coming home one day from a stroll about the village, I found Jack's yellow, curly head nestling on a pile of my precious manuscripts, his blue eyes closed, and in each of his chubby little hands a piece of my shattered meersch-chaum. A wave of anger swept over me; the treasure I had cherished so many years, the souvenir of so many happy days—now, in a thoughtless moment, shattered by a child's caprice! I did not shake him, as I was tempted, but tenderly gathered up the broken fragments of the pipe, placed them reverently on the table before me, and sat down sadly to view the relics of my broken dream. Meanwhile the blue eyes had opened and were regarding me pensively from under dark lashes.

"Jack, get up," I said, sternly.

He arose, strangely silent, still looking at me intently, and came over slowly, gravely, to the desk.

"Jack," said I, in a severe tone, "do you see this broken pipe?"

"Yes, Pa," he said, sweetly.

"Tell me instantly who did it."

The severity did not phase him; he looked at me in the same unblinking way, and lisped in the same sweet voice:

"Peedle did it, Pa."

I looked at the child in astonishment, for I had never heard of Peedle, and I wondered instantly if he had been playing with one of the farm children and had brought him into the study to assist at the destruction.

"Who is Peedle, Jack? Tell me the truth at once."

"Peedle's a big man, as big—bigger 'an you," and he

stood on tip toe, stretching out his hand to represent the height of his new friend.

"A big man?" I said doubtfully, "and what was he doing in here?"

"Peedle came to play with Jack, and ride him pick-a-back."

This was incredible. I called the nurse from a sitting-room across the hall and interrogated her as to Peedle, where Jack had met him, and how he came to be in the house. Nancy answered that Jack had not been out of her sight save when he was in the study, and that no man, large or small, had been near him.

Was the boy telling me an untruth? I dismissed the maid and called my son to my side again.

"Tell me, Jack, what does Peedle look like, and how did he get in the house?"

Jack paused thoughtfully for a moment and then spoke up quickly, "Peedle nice, nicer, 'an you, big back. Jack like to ride pick-a-back on Peedle."

"But how did he get in here?"

"Peedle here when Jack come in."

The audacity of the child took my breath.

"And how did he break the pipe?"

"Peedle smoke and let pipe fall."

I had no answer to these astounding statements, and without saying anything more, I took the pieces of broken pipe and sadly locked them in a drawer. The blue eyes followed every motion without moving; the little mouth parted, and the little voice articulated slowly, "Naughty Peedle!"

For some time after this I heard nothing more of Peedle, and was forced to the conclusion that Jack had perpetrated an ingenious lie to forestall my displeasure.

Some three weeks later, one fine day at dinner, Jack did not turn up. Before we had finished the soup the

entire household was in a state of dire commotion; the aunts were running hither and thither; servants were sent scurrying off in all directions, and I myself was ordered off dinnerless to search the shallow brook which ran through our place. Aunt Susan thought he was drowned and quarrelled with my wife's mother, because she declared that he had been enticed away and would be held for a ransom. Kate, in the meantime, had slipped down to the old rockery, or rock-house, where Jack was never allowed to go, because just behind it was a wide, deep well. There she found him safe and sound, engaged in throwing stones at his own reflection in the pool.

She led him a guilty culprit to my chair, for I had already returned, and amid the numerous expostulations, raptures and endearments of our relieved relatives, I finally managed to ejaculate, "What do you mean by going to the rockery, sir, when your mother forbade you?"

Quick as a flash the little villain replied, "Peedle coaxed me, Pa."

The dowager Mrs. Beardsley, gave a triumphant "Ah, ha! I told you so. My poor, dear boy, and would the naughty man entice grandma's little darling away?" And then in a severe tone to me, "William, let us be thankful that a wise Providence, Who overruleth all things hath now preserved this our child."

I bowed gravely, and after recommending to Jack in a stern voice a readier obedience to his mother, I looked on sadly and helplessly while they plied my young heir with all the sweetmeats that the house afforded.

After dinner, while I was smoking a corncob which had replaced the demolished "Joshua," the little elf sidled into the study, and insinuated himself with irresistible impertinence into my arms.

He rubbed his chubby hands over my unshaven beard, and laughed with delight at the prickly sensation he received.

"Peedle's got whiskers too," he cooed.

"You scamp!" said I with a grim smile, "what were you and Peedle doing?"

He chuckled gleefully, "Throwin' pebbles at the man in the well. I hit him, too, but Peedle couldn't."

"My boy, don't you know that if you fell in that awful well we could never get you out, and then what would poor Mama do without any little Jack to tease her, or any little boy to love?"

"Nope," he replied complacently, "Peedle's little Jack fell in, and Peedle pulled him out with a stick."

"What! Peedle's boy fell in? You don't mean Peedle has a little boy?"

"Yep, most as big as me."

"Why don't you bring Peedle up to see Papa some time?"

"Oh," he said faintly, as he stifled a wearied yawn, and slipped out of my arms, "Peedle too busy."

From that time on Peedle became Jack's daily companion. If Jack got into a scrape, Peedle was always to blame; if anything was broken, Peedle was the culprit; if my son staid out too long or visited the rockery at any time, Peedle enticed him. Peedle was possessed of endless good nature; he bore meekly all the sins and crimes that were imputed to him; and like the scape-goat of old, was driven uncomplainingly into the forest with all Jack's misdemeanors on his back. He loved Jack fondly and overlooked his faults as readily as did the boy's own female relations, and whenever there was a dispute as to what Jack should or should not do, Peedle's opinion on the subject—and Jack knew all Peedle's opinions by heart—was sure to clinch the argument.

Altogether, he was a wonderful personage; his feats would have turned the celebrated Baron Munchausen green with envy, while the adventures of the famous Gulliver were as nothing compared to Peedle's exploits.

Every night before bed-time, and after the boy had lisped his "Now I lay me ;" or in the twilight between dusk and dinner, Jack would come to my study, take the pencil from my hand, and crawling into my lap, lay his oft-times dirty little face against my fresh white shirt, and prattle out the glowing adventures of the day. It was in this piece-meal way that I learned the story of Peedle's life. He was born, it seems, as near as I can fix the bits together, a long while ago ; I fancy, while Jack was still a little baby, and he lived with his father and mother way over yonder, quite over the hills, so far that Jack was always too tired to take me when we would walk together. When he was little, he was sometimes very good, but sometimes very naughty, so that at last his cross old father sent him far away from home, to go and learn to be a carpenter. He grew up to be so fine an architect and builder that people tumbled over one another in the effort to get him to build their houses. Jack had already engaged him to build his—the one he was to live in when he grew up to be a man. The foundations had been laid, in a far-away land where it was always summer and day-time, and when there were no rainy days. The house was to be all white marble, with golden doors and stained-glass windows, where we were all going to live by and by, and where Aunt Rebecca was to be given *carte blanche* in the cuisine. But Peedle was inclined to procrastinate, and could never be induced to finish the house ; besides he spent too much time playing with Jack. He had splendid horses, and taught Jack to ride, and fine dogs—Bruno and Major—and a beautiful gun with which Jack learned to shoot, and together they had many a fine hunting expedition, poaching on my preserves. Once Peedle shot an eagle, but they dropped it in the rockery-well on the way home.

At one period of his career, Peedle took to himself a

wife, and soon there was a whole tribe of little Peedles, quite the most delightful children that ever laughed or danced in the sunshine—always playing, always merry, while Mrs. Peedle presided over everything with the air of a fairy god-mother. If the children were naughty she spanked them and put them to bed, and once, I grieve to say, she pulled Peedle's ears.

I cannot remember all that Peedle was or that Peedle did; light hearted and gay, he was always a good comrade, and if his high spirits sometimes ran away with him, Jack or I always had some excuse for him, and were willing enough to say a good word or to lend a helping hand to pull him out of a scrape.

I often tried to induce Jack to bring Peedle to see me; but he made endless excuses—Peedle was busy, Peedle was feeling badly, or Peedle had gone away on business. Occasionally I would press the matter home; then Jack would grow vague, restless, bored or sleepy. Once when I insisted he cried lustily to go to bed, and brought his grand-mother to his rescue; and for several days thereafter the name of Peedle was not mentioned in our conversation.

Jack had now passed his fourth birthday, and Peedle had grown well along in years; he was suffering from an attack of rheumatism, somewhat like Aunt Rebecca's, and no longer played his pristine pranks. Jack seemed to see less of him and to be losing his interest in him; we both sighed many a time as we realized that Peedle was growing old and that his infirmities were increasing.

I confess he was like an old friend—such bucolic simplicity, such guilelessness and purity one seldom meets in this world of unrealised dreams and turbulent emotions. I had learned to revere him as a type of what is true amidst much sham and simple in our complex modern civilisation; and I almost regretted, plague that Peedle

was, that Jack was losing touch with him, outgrowing the dear old gentleman, as youth always outgrows old age.

One cold winter's morning when the mercury in the thermometer stood below freezing point, and the snow was heaped in great drifts about the yard, I settled down to a long morning's work in my study. The sky was grey and overcast, and the trees heavy with their white burden of snow. Through the windows I could see Jack, well wrapped up, playing in the snow on the partially cleared walk, and stamping his little feet now and then to keep them warm.

My heart glowed at the sight, and I began writing briskly.

Perhaps half an hour had passed when I heard a gentle rap at the study door, and having bid my visitor enter, it was opened. There stood Jack.

His coat and hat were covered with the snow which had begun to fall again, and the little boots were full of that which had drifted on the ground. His golden curls were all tangled and tossed by the wind, and his face rosy with the cold; but in the big blue eyes great tears were welling. He came slowly up to the table and stood opposite, peering up at me over the edge. A little sob escaped him, and then he said, his voice controlled, but low and sad, "Pa, Peedle's dead."

I never was more shocked. Gathering the boy up into my arms I laid his head against my breast.

"Oh, Jack, Jack, it can't be!"

"Yep," he sobbed, and then catching his breath he went on, "died this morning; it's awful cold over there—Jack's so sorry."

With that, he buried his face in my coat and wept, and I confess a tear or two of my own fell on the golden hair, as I thought of that faithful friend whose true and tender heart was stilled at last; so I let the boy weep on.

* * * * *

Poor Peedle, faithful symbol of our dreams, so bright and fair, that live a time to cheer us, and then speed on and back to God who sent them. And so, good-bye to them !

—*Latta Griswold.*

A SONG OF THE WAVES.

All day long, we sing, we sing,
When the west winds hover low,
As arm in arm we onward swing,
Yet neither fast nor slow ;
But with an easy rhythmic roll
That's half a song itself,
We drift o'er reef and hidden shoal
And the deep sea's pearl-strewn pelf.

With a throw, a forward throw,
With a long, long swing ;
As neither fast nor slow,
In an arm-locked row,
We swing, swing, swing.

On ! Who would not whirl
When the east winds moan and sigh,
When the typhoons sweep and curl,
And the sea-gulls battling cry ?
Haste ! though we know not where,
For the wild dance leads us on ;
Haste, for our only care
Is to dance ere the storm be gone.

With a throw, a forward throw !
Ho, how the typhoons curl !
On, on, we know not where—
So we dance we do not care—
We whirl, whirl, whirl !

—*Ralph S. Thompson.*

RUSKIN AS AN ECONOMIST.

In these days of haste and worry men have learned to devote their energies to securing a position of eminence in some one field. An ail-round development is not enough: the general must give way to the specific, or success is impossible. The trend of the age is continually apparent. I go to one doctor for treatment of the eyes, another for the throat, a third for the lungs, and so on *ad infinitum*. Nor is medicine alone in this respect. Scarcely any branch of physical, much less of intellectual activity, remains untouched by this characteristic of our present civilisation.

As a result of the tendency, Sociology has become a science. Its exponents are scientists; learned men and men of experience; men who have specialised in the subject until they have become authorities. Prominent among such men stands Ruskin. Whatever opinions may exist as to the real value of his work (and they differ widely), it must yet be admitted that he had the most fundamental characteristic of success—he was thoroughly in earnest.

Opposition is never an infallible proof of greatness, yet the fact that a man is continually the object of animated hostility and attack is pretty sure proof that he is of enough importance to be not unworthy of notice; for men in these days do not waste their strength in battling with lambkins. Few men have had to withstand such fierce opposition and scorn as Ruskin endured. "Only a genius like Mr. Ruskin could have produced such hopeless rubbish" was the caustic comment of a London daily upon the appearance of his first articles on Economics. Even his father objected strenuously to the new turn, and the publishers shortly refused to continue the series. But such is very apt to be the experience of one who has strong convictions and the courage to stand by them.

Probably no man of modern times has been more misunderstood than he. Men have called him a discontent, a utopian, a dreamer and a nonsense scribbler, while some have even gone so far as to proclaim him a crazy and ignorant writer, and to accuse him of wilfully and intentionally obscuring his meaning. All admit his good intentions, and are equally unanimous in agreeing that he is not right in theory; but here they begin to differ, and we have every possible view but the right one, embracing the entire range of intellectual status from gross ignorance to super-erudition. And yet the reason is very simple. His critics look merely at the system, but do not know the *man*, and therefore they cannot understand his ideas. His is an intense personality, and if we are to give his work its true valuation we must go deeper than a merely superficial view of the system—we must consider the personality of the man himself.

Ruskin did not gain his position of eminence by chance, but fought his way through all the various stages of development and struggle. Probably we all know that his first work was in art criticism. His genius combined with his thorough mastery of the subject had won him a world-wide reputation. Hardly had he become known as an authority however, when he suddenly gave over this sphere of work in which he had shown such marked ability and began afresh in an entirely different field. We may well ask the reason. From a superficial view it seems unnatural and inexplicable, yet when we consider the personality of the man it is not at all remarkable.

Mr. Ruskin was of a very sympathetic disposition. This can best be seen from his own words, expressing, as they do, the way in which he felt toward those about him. In a letter written from Mornex, his quiet country home, whither he had gone in search of rest, he says; "The loneliness is very great, and the peace in which I am at

present is only as if I had buried myself in a tuft of grass on a battle-field wet with blood,—for the cry of the earth about me is in my ears continually, if I do not lay my head to the very ground." A few months later he wrote again in the same strain: "I am still very unwell, and tormented between the longing for rest and lovely life, and the sense of this terrific call of human crime for resistance and of human misery for help, though it seems to me as the voice of a river of blood which can but sweep me down in the midst of its black clots, helpless."

Viewed in the light of these heartfelt words, the change to the rôle of social reformer does not appear so extraordinary as at first. No man with such a tender and sympathetic nature, so ruled by Christian love, could have done otherwise. As the stream seeks the ocean, so was Ruskin drawn into his new employment, not from any premeditated purpose, but because the law of nature affects organic man as much as it does inorganic matter.

Ruskin always claimed that art criticism was not an end in itself, but a means. In accordance with this principle he had been weaving into his art criticism an ever-increasing number of moral lessons, which, regardless of the painter's intention, he made the picture teach. In 1860, however, he gave up art criticism altogether, with the exception of a few rare instances when he again used it to illustrate some moral teaching.

To formulate Ruskin's system of Political Economy in the small compass of this essay would be impossible. All we can hope to do is to explain a few of his general principles and strive to make clear his position on certain fundamental subjects.

His system (for system there really was, in spite of frequent asseverations to the contrary) was characteristic of the man himself; it was destructive rather than constructive. Primarily a critic, he was more able to destroy than to

organise and construct. Moreover, his nature was not philosophically systematic. "Wherever you see a head, hit it," was the motto by which he worked, though he himself would never have stated it in those words.

The first thing to present itself to his mind was, of course, the existing system, the fallacies of which he straightway set about to prove. This destructive criticism, however, was but the preface to his work. From this he proceeded to rearrange definitions of terms and statements of laws in accordance with his own theories and to construct ideals of life and conduct in harmony with them.

His scheme of economics was "a system of conduct founded on the sciences, directing the arts and impossible except under certain conditions of moral culture." Is it any wonder that the average British trading man failed to comprehend it and that Mr. Ruskin was so generally misunderstood? Yet this is not an absurd fancy as some claim. It points to an ideal and seeks to drag the world up to a high moral standard. No forward step has ever yet been taken except when some man with high ideals has pointed out the way, and it is as such a guide that Mr. Ruskin has done his work in Political Economy.

His lectures give no recipe for millennial perfection but aim at a healthy *progress* to which all may contribute. They do not demand centuries of previous development nor overthrow the entire social system; they merely advise as to that "moral culture" which he makes the basis of his whole system.

It should be borne in mind that while opposed to the present system of Economics, he was by no means a Utopian. He differed from the former school in that he took human nature at its best instead of, at its worst, and from the latter in that he preserves the distinctions of class, merely advocating a moral evolution in each of the different grades of society. The scheme is theoretically

practicable but, as Mr. Ruskin himself admits, not likely of immediate accomplishment.

We have already referred to the remarkable extent to which the personal element figures in all of Mr. Ruskin's work. His altruistic sympathy and love and the extremes of thought and action which resulted from such a disposition have already been indicated. He was, besides, a man of lofty conceptions and high ideals—ideals which were the guiding principles of his own life, as truly as they were the standard to which he wished to raise humanity.

He has been accused of inconsistency; and not without reason as would appear at first sight. *The Nation* in criticising *Fors Claveriga*, says; "Mr. Ruskin must certainly be the despair of his friends. He cares nothing for what any one may think of what he says, in which he is certainly right, being *always* honest and unselfish. But he cares as little if what he says to-day destroys the results of all that he has said hitherto." We must admit that the criticism seems just when considered by itself, yet after a study of Ruskin's methods we will see the fallacy of such a superficial judgment. Paradoxical as it may seem, it was the consistency of his life with his thought that made inconsistency of statement. When his thought changed, his life changed and his system changed with it. It was because he so conscientiously stated his new position after each mental transition, that he seemed to be inconsistent.

This consistency together with a fondness for experimenting (one of the tenets of his creed) succeeded in placing him in many awkward and uncompromising positions. He had fitted up at large expense a few model homes for laboring men which he kept in an admirable state of comfort and repair, all at a trifling cost to the fortunate inmates. Some one, however, called his attention to the fact that he was really receiving rent. He immediately sold the property since he had often expressed himself as

opposed to the rent-system on the ground that it was one of the evils of modern economic conditions.

In his later life he established many experimental institutions to prove the practicability of his schemes; the Working Men's College; a teashop at which the best of tea and purest sugar were sold to the poor at a very low rate; a system of street cleaning for the employment of the idle and improvement of London, besides frequent lectures and generous charity. Communities of men also, were placed on donated land, rent free, under Mr. Ruskin's supervision. All these arose not merely from a desire to experiment but from a conscientious effort to prove by illustration the practicability of his theories.

But after all, what is the real value of Ruskin's work as an Economist? Some answer, "much every way," others say, "none." With the latter class we can hardly agree and yet after cool deliberation we cannot go to the other extreme either. There must be a middle ground which furnishes a fair and unprejudiced estimate.

He was jack-of-all-trades—but who should finish the quotation? Certainly his art criticism was of inestimable value while he continued in that field, and as a moralist he has had a widespread influence. But the secret of his failure to accomplish much in any line is due to the rapidity with which he changed from one field to another. He says of himself that he was born with the curse of Reuben: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

But what the world calls success is not often really such. Uncrowned monarchs and unhonoured heroes pass unheeded among us. The truly great is he who leaves his impress on the hearts of men, lifting them to higher and nobler ideals and teaching them to strive for better things. Such has been Ruskin's work. The sphere of his influence is ever widening and the world is coming more and more to realise his claim that there are "soldiers

of the ploughshare as well as soldiers of the sword " and that the former should be recognised and cared for by the state, just as much as the latter. Mr. Ruskin's ideals were high and his schemes a trifle visionary, yet he has shown us the possibility of something better, higher, grander, than our humdrum, selfish existence and in doing this he has rendered a service to humanity which the world cannot repay.

—*John B. Kelly.*

SONNET.

In translation from Moschus, after Lang's prose version of Idyll V.

When o'er the salt sown seas the breezes sweep,
My idle wits awake, long slumbering,
And from the dreary shore their homage bring
To praise the calm enticement of the deep.
But when the storm-tossed waves do skyward leap,
And bolt and surge make the dark welkin ring
Back to the woods secure my fancies wing,
And harken while the pines their dirges sing
To every gale. The fisherman hath made
An evil choice, abiding in his craft,
Whose daily tasks in teeming seas abound.
'Tis sweet to lie beneath the plane tree's shade,
To quaff some crystal fountain's cooling draught,
That soothes, nor troubles, with its gurgling sound.

—*Charles Hay Morton.*

THE STORY OF A SLAVE.

About a dozen of us camped last summer on the South Branch River in West Virginia. One fine evening our negro cook and I were left alone to guard the tents and keep up the camp fire—a glorious fire of dry cedar. As the ground was already wet with dew, we drew up on either side of the fire some old planks that had been pulled from a dilapidated cabin near by, the relic of the only habitation in sight. On these boards we stretched out at full length for a restful smoke before going to bed.

Eli, the cook, was a dark, short, loose-jointed negro, much given to drink, but with a happy disposition at all times; and as big-hearted as talkative. His face was wrinkled and beardless; his eyes small and shiny, and his head was partly covered with gray kinky hair. He has always had the misfortune to work for large, tall men so that his clothes never fit him—the waistband of his trousers is never more than three inches below his arm-pits and the trouser-legs are frayed and un-hemmed at the bottom, where he has cut off the extra length. As he filled his brown clay pipe, I asked,

“Eli, how old are you?”

“Deed I don’t know. Missus Thompson, yuh know her, de one dat lives on ‘Cademy Squar’, she knows it en has promussed tuh tell me. But I calc’late I’ll never see sixty agin.”

“Then you were a slave, were you?”

“Yas, indeed. Yuh know dat big brick house out de Bedford Road? Dar’s whar I wuz born en brought up. Ole Mars Stottlemeyer wuz my marsa. Don’t guess yuh ‘member him?” Eli laughed as he said this. His laugh was quick and light but what it had lost in mellowness, it gained in expression, for all his wrinkles are laugh-wrinkles.

"Well hardly, Eli," I replied, laughing from contagion. "Did he ever whip you?"

"W'at yuh wan' tuh know dat for? He whipped me sum but not nigh ez much ez Mars John. Yuh see it wuz jes dis way. I tended Mars John's hosses en one evenin' he cum home feelin' very sagubrus. I didn't see him so 'f course I didn't take his hoss tuh de stall. Den he cum a-tearin' roun' tuh de kitchun whar I'se washin' fuh supper en hit me wi' his rawhide ridin' whip. Look-a hyar! Dat wuz de wurst I ever got." Eli rolled up his left-shirt sleeve and pointed to three scars just below the elbow, about half an inch wide and three or four inches long.

"Umph! I should think that was enough. How did you ever have any fun? Would they let you go visitin' or to town?"

"Yasser, we had ever' udder afternoon fuh tuh go en see our gals. Sumtimes we cud cum in tuh meetin' Sunday night ef ole Marsa did. We'd stop at the cullud folks church but Marsa, he'd go tuh de tavern. Ez soon ez he'd drunk all he wanted, he'd cum fuh us niggers. He'd opun de fron' door en stick his head in en holler fuh his niggers. It warn't no matter ef we wuz a-singin' 'r a-prayin' 'r a-listenin' tuh de sarmon, up we had tuh git en follow him home."

"Was there really much suffering among the slaves?" I asked. "Do you know anybody who was seriously hurt?"

"Lots uv 'em, Misser Jimmie, lots uv 'em, more'n yuh cud count in a gray owl's hoot. Yuh know Missus Carter, her'n dat wuz Nellie Dickunson. Wall, when she's a young lady, she had a body-slave call'd Laura. 'Long 'fore de war, Misser Dickunson tuk tuh 'vestin' in de railroads en lost a heap uv prup'ty, en Miss Nellie had to sell Laura. She went South ez a house-servant. Her missus liked her so much dat de udder house gals got ja'lous en 'gan tuh

steal things en blame it on her. De missus said nuthin' 'till an 'are-loom, a nek-luce uv pearls dis'peared. She called all de house niggers tuh-gither en tol' em 'bout it. Den de ja'lous gals said 'twuz Laura. Missus tol' 'em tuh take her tuh de kitchun en take off her dress. Den dey laid her face down on de big stone in front er de fire en four uv de gals helt her down w'ile another tuk de hot irons frum de coals en burnt her back. Missus keep axin' whar de nek-luce wuz, whar de nek-luce wuz, en Laura keep a-sayin' she don' know nuthin' 'bout it. Atter de war, she cum back tuh Missus Carter en showed her de scars whar dey had burnt her. She tol' Missus Carter she cudn't a-cunfess'd ef dey had kill't her, fuh she hadn't stole it."

There was silence for a few minutes. This story as it came from Eli's lips, in his melodious voice, broken by puffs of his pipe, sounded so real and so horrible that I laid in perfect silence, while many a picture of the "South before the war" floated through my imagination. Gradually a morbid desire to hear more crept upon me and I asked, "Did you ever try to run away, Eli?"

"Nup, never wunst—yuh see I warn't a-havin' such a bad time. But I kin 'member a strappin' big nigger 'longin' tuh David Commbes who used tuh live on Limestone Hill. Jo wuz gwine tuh marry Black Sal, one er de house gals en Marsa Commbes said dey cud be jined on de fus' day uv S'tembar. It warn't de las uv August—harvestin' warn't over yit—when Commbes sent Jo up tuh Scarley's, 'bout fifty mile off in de mount'ns, tuh bring down sum cattle. Marsa tol' him he'd be back home agin in plenty er time fuh de weddin' an' he'd like Sal all de better ef he didn't see her fuh a week." Eli refilled his pipe and adjusted the coat more comfortably under his head. He did not speak for some time, maybe because his pipe did not draw well, or perhaps he was listening to a distant hoot owl.

"Jo, he got back jes two days 'for' de weddin'. Atter suppar he went over tuh de cabin whar Black Sal lived wi' Mammy Jane. Mammy Jane wuz a-settin' on de bench, lookin' wurse'n green 'simmuns. 'Char up, Mammy Jane,' sez Jo, 'yuh ain't gwine tuh lose your gal. Marsa done give me dis hyar cabin nex' tuh your'n.' But Mammy Jane 'gan tuh cry. Den Jo sez, sez he, 'Whar's Sal?' en dis made Mammy Jane beller more'n ever. But she never sez a word. Jes den li'le Tom, who warn't more'n twel' year, cum runnin' roun' de corner, en Jo sez tuh 'im, 'Seen Sal dis evenin'?' Li'le Tom, he stop en look roun' kinder 'pris'd like, den he chuckle en sez, 'Guess she ain't cum back from de house yit.' Atter a while Jo went home tuh bed.

"De sun wuz jes a-showin' his face behind de ridge when Jo en Tom drove de four-hoss team tuh de lower hay-field. Jo had tuh stay behind at de brake-board tuh put on de rubbers en dey never sez a word tuh each udder 'til dey turn'd in tuh de field.

"'Foun' Sal yit?' asked Tom.

"'W'at yuh mean?' sez Jo.

"'Ain't Mammy Jane done tol' yuh dat Sal's gwine off? W'at yuh 'pose she wuz a-cryin' fuh?"

"'Sal gon'? Sal gon'? Whar? Who-a-a,' sey Jo, ez he pulled up de team mighty short. Li'le Tom wuz skeart de way Jo wuz a-lookin' at him, but he sez, 'Ain't yuh heerd yit dat Marsa sol' Sal de day atter you went tuh Scarley's? Nex' night I snuck over in tuh Wes' 'Ginia—yuh see I know all de dawgs en dey won't bark fuh me—en I see'd 'em a-takin' de South Road, 'bout twenty in de gang, all chained tuh-gither en a man wi' a gun walkin' 'side uv 'em.'

"Jo didn't wait tuh hear all dis, but jes jumped off en cut 'cross lots fuh de house. Mars Commbes wuz jes comin' out fuh his mornin' ride when he seed Jo.

“‘Jo,’ sez he, ‘why arn’t yuh in de field?’ Jo never said nuffin’ ’til he got right up tuh him, den he sez, ‘Whar’s Black Sal?’ Ole man Commbes wuz badly skeart en pulled his gun, fuh Jo’s eyes wuz ez big ez sassers en all a-shiney like Mammy Jane’s pans, en de holes uv his nose was big ez a hoss’s when he’s skeart. Jo sez agin, ‘Whar’s Black Sal?’

“Atter he’d got out his gun Mars Commbes kinder drew up on his dign’ty en sez, ‘Black Sal? Wat’s dat tuh yuh, yuh dam’ nigger?’ Jo sez, sez he, ‘You’ve sol’ her en yuh promussed tuh marry us tuh-morrow.’ Mars Commbes brings his pistol right up on er bee line fuh Jo’s heart. Den he sez, like he talks when he’s gwine tuh whip a nigger, ‘Jo, ef yuh ain’t down in dat field yonder in two minutes, I’ll shoot yuh.’

“Jo ain’t said nuffin’ mor’, but he jes stood dar like er fence-post fuh ’bout er minute. Mars Commbes, he cock his pistol wi’ a loud click. Den Jo turn roun’ slow-like en went off tuh de field. Li’le Tom said he never seed ennybody, white man er black, work like Jo worked dat day. ‘For’ dinner he never said a word, but attter dinner he ’gun tuh talk tuh hisse’f. ‘Length he axed Tom ef he’d cum out dat night en keep de dawgs quiet w’ile he went after Sal. Dis skeart li’le Tom, but he promussed. Howsumever, soon ez dey drove de las’ load in tuh de yard, li’le Tom slips off en goes tuh de kitchun, where he axed Aunt Lize fur Marsa. Fust Aunt Lize wudn’t bother Marsa, but li’le Tom keep a-sayin’ he had sumtfin’ tuh tell him, ’til las’ she called Mars Commbes. Den w’at ain’t dat li’le nigger gone en done but tell Marsa dat Jo wuz gwine tuh run away dat night. Marsa give him a k’warter en sent him off tuh de lime-kil’ wi’ a message.

“It warn’t more’n five ’clock when Mars Commbes cums out on de side porch en calls, ‘Jo.’ Jo ain’t yit finished rubbin’ down de hosses en he cum to de stable door,

curricom' in hand. 'Let de hosses be now, Jo,' sez Marsa, 'I want yuh tuh take dis hyar note to Squir' Taggart's en bring back an anser ez soon ez yuh kin.'

"Jo ain't a-kearin' much 'bout gwine tuh de Squir's, kaze he'd heerd tell uv er nigger gwine dar en bein' handcuffed by de Squir', who put him in de calaboose en sol' him tuh de nex' soul-driver dat cum 'long. But he had tuh go, kaze he cudn't run 'way in de day-time en 'sides dar wuz Marsa Commbes watchin' him, en Jo knowed he had his gun wi' him. De Squir's office warn't nuthin' more'n er chickun coop wi' er couple er chyers en er table tuh write at. When Jo went in, dar warn't but two men in de place, de Squir' en er deputy sheriff. Jo kept a-lookin' roun' narvous-like atter he give de note tuh de Squir', but he didn't see him give de sheriff er sign, fo' de note sez, 'Put Jo in jail en sell him ez soon ez possible.' De fus' thing Jo knowed de sheriff had jumped on his back and put his arms roun' him tight so ez he cudn't move his'n. Jo know'd better 'n tuh try en wiggle loose. He jes threw hisse'f backwards en dey bof fell on de floor wi' de sheriff underneaf.

"De sheriff wuz a big, fat feller, so when Jo cum down squar' on him, it kinder knocked de wind out uv him en he had tuh let go. Ez quick ez a mule's hind-leg, Jo jumped up en slung er chyar at de Squir' 'for he cud get de drawer opun whar he keeps his gun. Den he hit de sheriff over de head wi' er poker en run out. 'Stid uv runnin' off, he made er bee-line fo' home. It was jes atter suppar when he got dar, en all wuz standin' roun' talkin' er bit 'for fixin' things fo' de night.

"Mars Commbes seed Jo a-cumin' en drawed his pistol. Howsumever Jo didn't go t'wards him, but went right tuh de woodpile at de side uv de house. Ever'buddy wuz watchin' him, but never sez a word tuh him, ner Jo sez nuffin' nayther. He jes picked up de ax en leant

over en chopped his right hand off squar' at de wrist. Den he picked it up wi' his lef' hand, and gwine right up tuh Marsa Commbes, he sez, sez he, ' Now, sell me.'

" He bled tuh death dat night. But I calc'late I'd better be a-gwine tuh bed. D'ye want yuh coffee at five, Misser Jimmie?"

" Yes ; thank you, Eli. Good night."

—*James Hugh Moffatt.*

EDITORIAL.

Our Feelings.

In assuming the management of the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE, the present Board of Editors is affected with feelings, both of vanity and humility; but fortunately for our readers, the feeling of humility is by far predominant. If this current volume should have to be filled with the literary productions of the Editors alone—as, we regret to say, has too frequently occurred in previous years—we would tremble before a task which appears so gigantic and stupendous in the light of our ideals, knowing our own weakness and inability. These ideals are necessarily high, founded, as they are, upon the past record of the management, upon the lives of the men who have gone forth from this Board to larger fields of literary activity, and upon the promise for the future.

The Historical Tendency.

The LIT. was founded in 1842, just six years after the birth of its only predecessor among college periodicals—*The Yale Literary Magazine*. With the exception of the four years of the Civil War, it has appeared each year with more or less regularity. In its honourable career may be traced the progress and development of the literary life of our University. At first we find long scholarly essays and solemn poetry forming the chief portion of the magazine, from which we modern readers—trained in the school of the light literature of the magazine, newspaper and cheap novel—turn with a sigh of relief to the “Olla Podrida” or ‘literary hash’ and personal gossip. The transition from these dignified compositions to the

present light stories and sketches, interspersed with a very few readable sketches, occurred in the year '81, when the Board offered a prize for the best story instead of for the best essay. The tendency towards fiction is still increasing, for in its very brief experience this Board has received four times as many contributions in the fiction department as in that of poetry or essays. The present Board cannot agree upon the relative importance of fiction and essays; so we will not advise a contributor to write essays rather than stories or stories rather than essays. Let each man write what his ability and inclination suggest. If he is equally adept in the composition of stories and of essays, he should devote himself to essays—even though it is far easier to lounge in an easy chair and wait until your fancy has developed a plot, than to gather the material for a readable essay. But the literary work of the average alumnus lies more in the department of essays than in that of stories, and the practice gained in undergraduate days will not be regretted. In commenting upon a recent essay a competent critic says: "What interested me most about it was the evidence it gave that some fellows in college are thinking about serious matters of permanent value. I do not think 'the short story' often goes beyond a superficial cleverness, and I do not think that manner ought to be more important than matter. There is a good deal of writing now by mature men and women in which things are extremely well said, but they are not worth saying. Writing from which we learn nothing, in order to justify its existence, must be very fine indeed."

**The
Retiring
Board.** We tender the retiring Board our sincere congratulations upon the success of the past year. Personally we desire to thank each member for the interest that he has taken in our literary work and the kindly criticism by which he has directed our wandering steps.

From this channel of their activity the best results have accrued, for the general revival of literary work and interest in our University is traceable, more or less directly, to their stimulating criticism. It shall be our constant aim to prove worthy of our predecessors.

A college magazine has three classes of readers, but only one class of contributors. **Our Contributors.** The motive which actuates the contributor is self—self-culture, self-development, and the art of self-expression. The men who write for the *LIT.* are not dilettantes, though they are of necessity amateurs. But beyond all their work lies a purpose, and before their eyes gleams an ideal of life-work, a goal other than the praise of their friends. They foresee a crisis in their lives when their success or failure will depend upon their ability to express themselves easily, clearly and quickly. Their ability to write in a free, mature and graceful style will add greatly to the popularity and ultimate usefulness of whatever contributions they may hope to make to science, whatever benefits to humanity may result from their individual efforts. We feel that a false interpretation has been placed upon the recent remarks of the eminent journalist who lectured in Murray Hall on the 4th of May upon the subject, "Journalism as a Life Work." The gist of his advice was that we should not shirk our studies for college journalism; that in after-life the ability to report an incident concisely and vividly, and to write well-rounded paragraphs, will not compensate for the loss of that maturity of thought and expression which inevitably follows from an intimate acquaintance with history and literature. Judging from the tenor of his entire lecture, his intended meaning was that the mere acquirement of a facile pen in undergraduate days is less helpful than a fund of available knowledge. But surely the combina-

tion of the two is preferable to either taken alone. The founders of this magazine were of this opinion, for their motto was, "Legere et non scribere est dormire." We should carefully avoid writing without reading, but should choose our reading in such a way that it will lead to writing.

**Our
Readers.**

Of the three classes of readers the least important is that class who read an article simply because a personal friend has written it. While the most important are those who look upon the LIT. as the gauge of the literary life of our University. Consideration for them will guide us in the selection of articles for publication, and in this way we hope to direct the joint efforts of the Editors and contributors. We will not forget the other class of readers who regard the LIT. in the same light as any other magazine, selecting an article here or an article there in accordance with their estimation of its intrinsic worth. For the benefit of those who wish to write for the magazine and of those who are curious as to our policy, we will repeat our announcement to the candidates, that we want interesting, readable articles—such articles as the writer himself would not skip over if he happened upon them in some journal, otherwise of no interest to him. It matters not if they are rhyme or blank verse, stories, essays, long or short, humorous or dignified, historical, critical, suggestive—but they must be *interesting*.

**Our
Mission.**

The Editors feel that their mission is not so much to load these pages with the products of their own minds, as to encourage and stimulate as many undergraduates as possible to write well and easily. Every article that is submitted to the Board will receive a fair criticism, in which the Editors will speak very frankly,

plainly, and perhaps bluntly, pointing out the shortcomings and suggesting improvements. Since the object of this criticism is to stimulate, we will always be sparing of flattery and commendation—for more harm than good is done by careless praise. When you criticise the Editors, use the same frankness. We want to know our faults, and earnestly solicit your voluntary criticism.

**Your
Support.**

This magazine does not receive its due share of recognition and reward either from the undergraduates or from the Faculty. We will not say that we are not appreciated—for appreciation is not our ultimate goal—but we would like to revive in the minds of all loyal Princetonians that position of honor and dignity which the *LIT.* occupied in past years. Then, and then only, can we place the *LIT.* upon its former sound financial, social, and high literary basis. Otherwise the standard of preceding years cannot be maintained, and the Editorial Board will become less and less representative of the best talent of the class and the University. If the present and succeeding Boards do not receive the help of the students, and especially of the Faculty, in their effort to remove certain unfavorable conditions that hamper and retard the natural progress of the *LIT.*, it is not mere croaking to predict that the publication will be discontinued. Are you willing that the literary magazine of your University shall no longer rank among the foremost undergraduate publications, but gradually sink into the lower classes, or possibly cease to appear? But if the undergraduates and the Faculty will lend us a moderate measure of assistance, the Editors can successfully realize the chief object of their work—the restoration of the *LIT.* to that place in the life of our University and its contemporaries which its past record, Princeton spirit and the traditions of Princeton demand.

GOSSIP.

Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
Sweet Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train;

—William Drummond.

Yes, sweet Spring, thou hast come—and wilt probably be gone e'er these words delight the public eye, if the fine policy of rigid promptness in issuing this magazine continues,—which may God grant it does not, for the said magazine's sake, and, in a modest way for Princeton's sake—yes, thou hast come, and “with all thy goodly train,”—which “train” includes besides the bright flowers, balmy winds, Wild West shows, et cetera, the new LIT. Board, and, last but not least, the new Gossip. This the Gossip realized full well several evenings past, as with stilus and tablet under his arm and a worried look on his face, he walked in the direction of the sanctum, in other words No. 1 North Reunion, the sumptuous quarters of the NASSAU LIT. Thither in quest of inspiration and an impetus to his imaginative faculties went he far within the recesses of that sylvan retreat, where gurgling pipes gurgle and singing kettles sing, where visions wild and alcoholic have been conjured up by Gossip upon Gossip extending far back into the dim past, until verily as the Gossip's immediate predecessor so broadly insinuated in his inaugural paper, the gurgling pipe has gone out, the singing kettle has sung itself to death, and the visions aforesaid are become nightmares to readers of our venerable magazine in this latter day—a trifle disrespectful to the Gossips “in ye ancient days,” perhaps; but 'tis time. Repetition, thy name is boredom! We must have something new,—even tho' it must be to bristle up like a game cock, utter *Magnifico Apostolatum Meum* with bold, bad iconoclasm, and then proceed in an extremely ungallant fashion to make a vicious *coup de plume* upon a poor unsuspecting editor of a certain “female college” magazine, who had given expression to an exceedingly true as well as exceedingly harmless fact. Alas, the serpentine, reptilious article that followed did not atone. Desperate remedies indeed! but, alas, *graviora quaedam sunt remedia periculis*, some remedies are worse than the disease, a sage old Roman remarked once upon a time. Nay, nay, the present Gossip with Heaven's aid will strenuously endeavor not to bother his head—or those of his readers—with lachrymal discussions upon the progression and otherwise of woman, impromptu lectures on spelling, etc., etc.; in short he will try not to constitute himself a self-appointed

"school-marm;" but will cheerfully relegate all such exhortations to the editorial column of the Daily Princetonian, and will be more than satisfied if he can evoke but a breath of the atmosphere of the campus, or a touch of the rich and varied colour with which the old place is so deeply dyed. But as the Gossip was saying—begging pardon for the above very uninteresting digression—having in hand the task of writing his first paper, and feeling provokingly unimaginative and devoid of that subtle and inevitable charm of humor which has so excellently pervaded the Gossip's pages in preceding years, the brilliant idea presented itself of making trial of the sanctum, whose atmosphere, as witnessed by the varied and diversified outpouring of former Gossips, is so richly prolific of ideas. The Gossip, accordingly, wended his way to the North entry of Reunion, fitted the key in the lock, and swinging open the massive doors, crossed the portals of that awe-inspiring threshold. With a step-softly-ye-who-enter-here feeling he walked in, and in the dim twilight strained his eyes for a chair in which to repose, and make himself as receptive as possible to the *genius loci*. Groping forward cautiously and with great care he stumbled and fell sprawling amidst the mountainous pile of *debris* that covered the floor. Picking up an object which had apparently been the cause of his fall, he read in large letters that shone distinctly despite the uncertain light, the *Vassar Miscellany*. The Gossip shuddered and sat down on a three-legged chair, muttering under his breath uncomplimentary things about the condition of the sanctum. Now for quickening of imagination and subtle fancies, said he, having at last composed himself. A dreamy romantic feeling began to steal over his senses and he sat with half closed eyes and a far-away expression on his face. Just then three men stopped outside directly in front of the window, and the Gossip could see their forms through the grating. He recognized them. "Let's get Jack and go down to Dohm's," one of them remarked, and they passed on. The Gossip groaned. It was terrible, this being so rudely brought back to the earth earthy, and a profound sigh escaped him. Again he relapsed into a semi-conscious state, and was all but catching a gurgle of the perennial pipe and a note from the singing kettle, when—"Who Killed Cock Robin" came from the steps with a rancous and virulent truculence. The Gossip ground his teeth. The song, he reflected, is somewhat analogous to the pipe and kettle afore-mentioned. It is worn out, and the zest with which the grave old Seniors render it is quite as excruciating as the song itself. At length the frog chorus died away like a gust of wind, and the usual calling for solos took place. No one responding, a short silence ensued, and then—"Where, oh, Where are the Verdant Freshmen." Another of those terrible polarized affairs, groaned the Gossip writhing, and hurling down tablet and stilus, made a bolt for the door, falling headlong over one of the myriad exchanges that bestrewed the floor. Emerging from the sanctum, he inhaled gratefully a deep breath of the outer air, and glanced back over his shoulder

with a sigh of relief and abhorrence, as though perchance he had just issued from the stygian gloom of an Edwards hallway. Then he sat down on the steps and pondered awhile. It was a typical May evening. The campus lay wrapt in one of those silences which are so wont to stir the romantic sensibilities, broken only by the dreamy strains of a hurdy-gurdy on Nassau Street, the gentle barkings of a dozen or so bull terriers engaged in their evening *melées*, and the clamorous appeals of peanut vendors and newsboys. "The twilight crescent moon's soft light" descended, and the incense from "our glowing pipes" in "wreathing garlands" rose from a thousand cigarettes, while "Old Nassau's lions" were rudely awakened by a hoarse selection from the steps. If they had even *one* good tenor, sighed the Gossip, and fell to thinking of Freshman year. Why had the glamour of the front campus and the charm of senior singing become so sadly changed, said he plaintively. Obviously because the present occupants of the steps are far from following in the footsteps of their predecessors, he continued with the most charming *naïvete*, which *naïvete* he trusts will not be taken amiss by those to whom it applies. But hark! the sound of a solo from the steps, a rich melodious baritone singing a drinking ballad. It was very pretty. Reminds one of '97, said the Gossip in a pleased tone. Then the chorus:

It's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table
In the fellowship of spring.

in which the grave old seniors joined with a hearty will and voices full of cheer. Verily they seemed to enter into the *spirit* of it all. At any rate, a few minutes later when the perennial anthem had been sung, the cheers given, and the campus converted into a brief pandemonium, they all trooped off, some in the direction of the Inn, some in the direction of Dohm's.—And then the *Daily Princetonian* talks about the decline of Princeton spirit! Oh, ye embryo journalists—But look out! grave old seniors, Mr. Topley and the "Presbyters" will catch you. At this the very elms grinned, and Gossip laughed volcanically in his sleeve. Oh, Father Time, he cried mirthfully, with what marvelous rapidity thou dost dull the edge of what has gone before!

Then the Gossip turned resolutely back into the sanctum, and picking up stilus and tablet set down in this rambling fashion these few "toothless biting satires," until arriving thus far on the way and fast yielding to the embraces of Morpheus, he stopped short, fearful lest the like soporiferous effect he produced on the perusers of these reflections. Gentle Reader, if troubled with insomnia, take fifteen minutes before bedtime.

BOOK TALK.

Men's Tragedies. By R. V. Risley. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Sometime when you, *monsieur et honoré lecteur*, are suffering from an acute attack of the Blues (spelled with a capital to show our respect), when you, like Robert Burton, are doggedly sure that there's naught so sweet as melancholy, and when you are playing *Il Penseroso* for all the part is worth, you might do very well to read this book. It will be in thorough sympathy with your mood. It is gloomy and depressing from foreward to finis. It will, on occasion, curdle your blood, and goose your flesh, and send the cold shivers racing up your spinal column. It will be apt to lead you to the conclusion that all men are degenerates—save yourself, perhaps. And from sheer revulsion of feeling you may be freed from your dejection.

Mr. Risley lays claim to what is in some respects a unique position. There have been pure romanticists without number. Realism, adulterated, and unadulterated, is a drug upon the market. There are instances not a few of romanticists who have tried to travel without a passport in the realm of naturalism. Daudet, for example, was one, and Dickens was another. But the author of "*Men's Tragedies*" belongs to a rare and remarkable species. He has attempted to make, under nine different aspects, a realistic study of idealists, dreamy, passionate, great-souled men. He has given us the results of his observation in fictional form solely because, he tells us, "Life is but a realized fiction. We do not live essays. Fiction is the least unworldly form of literature, the closest to the individual." And yet is not lyric poetry closer still, by reason of its very directness, and would not Mr. Risley, who has the poet's touch, have done better to choose that medium of expression?

What most impresses the reader, after he has closed the book and stopped for a moment to think it over, is that after all the nine aspects are not so very "different." Mr. Risley says of his men, "Each of them is intended to express a different character and idea." The resemblances between them, physical, psychical and biographical, are strangely striking. With the single exception of Sigurd Ochs, they are old men—prematurely old and gray and grizzled. They have all passed through a lonely, hot-housed childhood, itself a tragedy which they "did not realize till afterwards and thenceforth became more and more real."

Being Counts, they have then retired to the solitude of a hoary, high-built castle on the North Sea or the Rhine. Of course they are Germans, for the Teuton is the most sentimental of all men and in his mind these "psychological tragedies" most frequently occur. They are bibliomaniacs, too, and pile great volumes by their plates at every meal. Perhaps the resulting indigestion is conducive to the intensity of their emotions. At any rate, something of the savage gets into their blood. (Who but a savage could feel a "distant gladness or a great content" after committing virtual murder?) There is hardly any variation even in their idealism. The Professor and Von Wold may be a trifle deeper, and Sigurd Ochs a trifle more shallow, but the rest are all of a piece. From their hermitage of dreams and reverie, they are awakened by the announcement of a butler or a guardian of their advancing years. Immediately and without further provocation, they fall in love with a gay young woman. And a tragedy results! Surely, this is not realism, for realism is a study of the normal. It is not, however, romancing because the characters are men of ideals. Thank Heaven! *their* name is legion, even in these *fin-de-siècle* days. It is romantic because the idealists are of too extreme a type. They are actually cases in pathology. Moreover, the *deus ex machina* in "The Man who Loved"—a storm which drowns an island—and the denouement of "The Man who Hated" are so highly improbable as to shock the reader of dime novels. This is not realism. Nor is it Poetry. It may be Poetry, but we doubt whether Edgar Allan would be pleased if it were called so.

The tragedy always occurs when the man loses his belief in someone or something. But the greatest of such tragedies, the greatest of all tragedies, indeed, has been neglected or forgotten. What is so mournful, so bitterly sad, as loss of belief in God and His eternal purposes and goodness? Wilhelm Von Sagersberg, the most human and lovable of them all, had no religion whatever to surrender; "it had simply never occurred to him that he needed any." The name of the Divinity is seldom used otherwise than as an expletive. But for this serious deficiency Mr. Risley would have covered his narrow range. The Count of Kloux, who has studied away his youth in preparing a voluminous work on "The Influence of Nature upon the Migration of Peoples," falls in love, late in life, with Margery, his neighbor's daughter. For a time the tender passion sends its rejuvenating influence coursing through his veins, but suddenly lets slip its magic power as strangely as the Waters of Youth, in Hawthorne's famous twice-told-tale. A catastrophe of nature can alone teach him that love remains in heart and blood, though youth be gone. But his lesson must be learned at the price of his bride. It is in the stories of "The Man who Cared," "The Man who Sneered," and "The Man who was Himself," that the author has brought the moral home most strikingly that "there is something in a man's heart that makes him when his own beloved belief has fallen feel that all other beliefs were lies." Those three are the unhappy, the unhealthy, and, if

you will pardon the paradox, the unselfish egotists—three cruelties of God, as Mr. Risley would irreverently call them. "The Man who Fell" lost belief in himself, when once the animal in him had proved to strong for the ideal. The pitiful and powerful narrative of his life and death is sure to make a lasting impression on every young man who reads it. Its effect will be broken only by the inevitable comparisons which the balcony scene encourages. The talent of Rostand and the genius of Shakespeare should be enough to frighten small fry away.

The poets from Homer down have pointed out to us "that there had to be women to make tragedies, but Mr. Risley's women are none of them worth having hysterics about or likely to cause them, unless it be she who ruined the life of "The Man who Bore." This *lady* (a word for which the author has a fine contempt), from her first smiling speech to the final monosyllable thrust at the survivors of the duel, has a strength and continuity in her heartlessness which is positively picturesque and refreshing.

The art employed wanders over a wide latitude. Its most evident defect is want of concentration. Mr. Risley is conspicuously lacking in that gift of art or style which Poe and de Maupassant conspicuously possessed; the power of making every word add to the totality of effect, of making the intensity of diction conform to the intensity of purpose. Still, as a rule, his sentences are abrupt, energetic, pungent, nervous, often epigrammatic and not unfrequently characterized by poetic beauty. Now they flash like Arenberg's foil. Now they throb like Stoffle's violin. If they were always precisely to the point, no criticism could be offered. On another trait of style, however, the author deserves nothing but praise. With extreme dexterity he shifts the view-point to suit each of the nine narrators. The jolly old gastronome who tells the tale of Sigurd Ochs is careful to repeat his every bill of fare and to remind us how deliciously the buttered muffins tasted, or, perchance, the trout with Spanish sauce. This is one of the marks of the good story-teller, and Mr. Risley has it. We expect to have more and better from his pen at no very distant date.

The Fowler. By Beatrice Harradon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

\$1.50.

With true up-to-date femininity, Miss Harradon has, in the writing of this rather entertaining book, gone to an unfortunate extreme. While criticising none too gently the present day tendency of novelists toward pessimism, and the concomitant morbidness which apparently has saturated the mind of the public at large, causing it to seize with unwholesome avidity upon such works, to hail them abroad as "successful books," the writer has with some virulence sallied forth into the literary arena, armed with weapons of a sentimental optimism, and seeks to rally the forces of the world against the insidious monster, lack of enthusiasm—lack of unsophisticated provincialism we would better call it. For

enthusiasm may be the "wine of life," may add to the joy of living considered from the aesthetic standpoint purely; but the world is practical and growing daily more so, the age is an intensely realistic, coldly scientific, keenly critical one, and a reckless, high-soaring enthusiasm in such an epoch is a grotesque incongruity, and all but boorishness. We must keep this hard fact always before us, and not make the common mistake of thinking the sentiment just expressed to be itself the essence of cynicism. Not so. *Est modus in rebus*. Not pessimism, but rationalism—. Alas it is the fatal *parti-pris* of the modern novelist, who must needs portray human nature either as sunk in the slough of a deadly cynicism or as hoisted aloft upon the shaky pinnacle of a narrow idealism! Miss Harradon has drawn the picture of a mental seduction, a duel between the most ardent optimism and the most malignant pessimism; the former in the personage of a woman, young, brilliant of mind, wholesome of nature, fiercely enthusiastic; the latter in the character of a man, embittered by past experience, evil of nature, fabulously misanthropic, but, like the woman, intensely intellectual, talented, interesting, and possessed besides of a curious magnetic power, while often repulses, yet more often attracts with an irresistible strength. Deliberately and with the most excruciating cold-bloodedness, like the veritable "villain in the fairy tale," he determines to try the experiment of overshadowing and crushing out the unbounded enthusiasm and mental wholesomeness of the girl under the spell of his own poisonous bitterness of nature. At the opening of the tale Nora Penhurst is indeed an attractive and "gallant" woman, and an interesting if overdrawn character, but sadly enough she soon becomes quite the opposite. As the strong warm nature, the unshaken faith in the inherent worth of human nature, the keen perceptions of men and things become blunted and disfigured under the ensnaring influence of the "Fowler." The third character who plays a principle part in the story is Brian Uppington, the historian, a man famous in the literary world, powerfully intellectual, alone and sad in life, yet with a mind and heart as receptive as a flower to the sunlight of sympathy and enthusiasm—a very beautiful character, but like the girl's, overdrawn and intended as an instrument in adducing the excessive idealism, which is the teaching of the book. Almost simultaneously with the "Fowler" he takes his place in the heart of the girl, and is warmly received. Her enthusiastic nature sheds a warmth of appreciation into his heart, regenerating it, and awakening the latent confidence of intellectual power and the vast enthusiasm of his disposition. In each other's presence they seem complimentary beings, their mutual sympathy complete, and their companionship a perfect one both of intellect and of heart. Yet apart and in the presence of the Theodore Bevan, everything is changed, and the girl caught more and more securely in his cruel net, begins gradually to lose the enthusiasm of her nature. Little by little the keen edge of life's enjoyment becomes dulled, her life becomes intertwined with the life of the "Fowler,"

her nature begins to contract the bitterness and the dark pessimism of her companion's. Then again contact and companionship with the historian kindles the fires anew. Their great sympathy grows into love, which as time goes on becomes stronger in the case of the man, but corrupted in the case of the girl by the evil influence of Bevan, who seems to have taken an irresistible hold upon her life. Finally the historian proposes, but is refused, the "Fowler" being accepted.—In the end, however, as befits a tale whose moral is optimism, everything turns out satisfactorily, Theodore Bevan is discomfited, the girl awakened to her former self, and the historian's love and loyalty are rewarded. All this of course is to depict the struggle between optimism and pessimism, and the subtle influence, which as the author would have us believe the latter is exerting upon the mind of the public to-day, until it has become a formidable and dangerous tendency. Unfortunately, as we have remarked, Miss Harradon has gone to an extreme, has looked at the matter from but one point of view, and has overdrawn her picture. There is indeed in the world to-day less and less of the buoyancy and enthusiasm which can see in everything something good and admirable, which takes a childlike pleasure in anything and everything;—but that lack of enthusiasm is not pessimism, nor even cynicism or sourness of spirit. It is simply a fine rationalism, a well-balanced, dispassionate, comprehensive outlook, which is the inevitable result of an excessively critical age, and the outcome of a keen perception of and insight into men and their actions. One cannot study life and human nature in such an age as this without seeing them in their true aspects, with all the defects and irregularities of mortal existence. Life is real, not ideal, and if in the study and experience of it one loses an absurd faculty of being able to gloss over the inconsistencies, the imperfections, the stern realities, no one may justly call him a pessimist.

In respect of the story itself, apart from the moral which it has thus sought to adduce, there undoubtedly inheres a certain cleverness which has always characterised Miss Harradon. The book is distinctly entertaining and sustains the interest of the reader excellently, being enlivened here and there by a dash of colour or a bit of natural conversation which is really delightful. Certainly the style lacks everything of maturity and finish, much of grace, and is distinctly feminine, yet there is surely an ease and an absence of labour that carries the reader along with rapidity, and seldom allows the interest to flag. In the early part of the book the scene is laid in the country, and the writer evokes a very charming bit of English country life, with some exceedingly pleasant characters in the personage of Mrs. Mary Shaw, the genial hostess of the King's Head, Parrington of the Punchbowl, her rival and suitor, Davy the blacksmith, and the "ancestors." One gets a whiff now and then of the sweet-scented heather, and a glimpse of the green meadow land which belongs so peculiarly to England. Certainly these few touches of local colour, and the refreshing pictures of the simple-hearted country

people alone make the book worth reading, if there were nothing else of merit in it. Another delightful character is that of Roger Penhurst, Nora's old white-haired father, whose youthful freshness, sunniness of nature, brusque crispness of conversation, and beautiful 'cello music win our interest and affection instantaneously. Last but not least of the characters which attract us is Nurse Isabel, whose quaint sayings and complete naturalness make her the most entertaining as well as the most cleverly drawn portrait in the book.—So much then can be said for the Fowler, that it sustains the interest, and one lays it aside with the feeling that it has provided a very pleasant digression;—to accomplish which after all is the true sphere and function of the class of works to which this book belongs. Of the vast number of mediocre productions which are being turned out with such mechanical regularity and profusion day after day, it goes without saying that all are lacking in the qualities which make a work live on after the author, having no grandeur of conception, no deep insight into human nature, no broad and comprehensive outlook. The most one can in general say of modern literature is that the relative worth of a book depends upon a certain originality and enlivening quality inhering, which make it pleasant reading and a good antidote for mental fatigue. Miss Harradon's recent work possesses these attractive qualities in a fair measure, we think, and in this light it may be regarded as a successful effort.

Harvard Lyrics. Selected by Charles Livingstone Stebbins '97. Boston: Brown & Co,

This little volume contains, as its title-page has it, "selections of the best verse written by Harvard undergraduates in the past ten years." It is unique in that it represents only the serious thoughts and moods of college life, differing in this respect from the "Cap and Gown" and other familiar collections of a similar nature. The compiler, it would seem, in thus limiting himself, is placed at some disadvantage; for it is but fair to say that the most successful domain of the college verse-maker is that of the lighter and less serious forms of verse.

Yet far be it from us to deny the merit of this collection on these grounds. Young men are not all frivolity, and it is but natural and proper that the loftier thoughts and purposes should find expression in their poetry. The compiler's claim that the "seriousness of student thought is too little recognized or understood by the outside world" is too true and his attempt to furnish "evidence that our most thoughtful students are actuated by high ideals" is a highly commendable one.

A collection of this kind, wherein there is — of necessity — so considerable variety and latitude of merit can hardly be judged as a unit. Suffice it to say in this respect that, as an entirety, it compares very favorably with previous compilations of like nature. Its tone is lofty and its purpose noble. The worst fault that can be pointed out is the excusable one of immaturity. It contains

cism. Experience proves that nowadays the critic is as likely to be criticised as the author. A case in point is furnished by the little volume whose title appears above. It comprises three critical essays upon three literary critics of the middle of the present century—Francis Jeffrey, Cardinal Newman, and Matthew Arnold.

Probably the question which first presents itself after a perusal of the book is as to the author's reason for grouping these three together. Aside from criticism, in which they all played a more or less important part, they seem to have nothing in common in thought, work or style. Jeffrey is hardly even a contemporary of the others. The essays were written to preface three books of selections from the works of the three respective authors and have since been collected and edited in this form, which accounts for their disconnected, almost fragmentary character. The collection has been aptly named, for "Studies" they certainly are. One might easily infer without looking at the title page that they were the work of a deep and earnest student; indeed they are too deep to be of interest to the average reader. The book may be valuable to one specially interested in the men discussed but for the ordinary class of readers it is not all that one could wish. Professor Gates is minutely analytic and shows a comprehensive grasp of the matter under discussion, but his work seems to have been done rather with the object of throwing light upon the subject, than of interesting his readers. At least, such are the results. This condition is largely accounted for by his judicially impartial treatment. By such a method he comes, perhaps, more nearly to the ideal of criticism, yet we instinctively wish he had made it more readable. Not that we would detract in any way from the value of impartial criticism. It serves its purpose in much the same way as unpleasant medicine. As a means to an end it is useful but one does not take it merely for enjoyment. Partisanship adds life and vigor to criticism; it inspires admiration or awakens interest according as it is friendly or hostile. Professor Gate^s does neither to any material extent. His criticism of Jeffrey is, to be sure, rather more unfriendly than otherwise and his essay on Newman gives frequent proof of a half-suppressed admiration; yet in neither does he in any way sway the feelings of his readers. We see in it all the cold, unbending attitude of a critic who seeks to preserve absolute neutrality.

It is perhaps due to that strange provision of nature which makes us unconsciously admire in others the qualities that we ourselves lack, which has caused him to comment so favorably on several traits of Newman's that are radically opposed to his own. "Rarely, however, have topics as speculative as are many of Newman's been treated with so much of the wayward charm and pliant grace of friendly discourse as Newman reaches. His style, at its best, has the urbanity, the affability, the winning adroitness, even the half carelessness desultoriness of the familiar talk of a man of the world with his fellows."

The essay on Newman is easily the best in the book. It glows with appreciation of the many excellencies of the great writer and in it more than in either of the others, Professor Gates lowers the veil of criticism and allows us to catch a glimpse of his own personality. After describing Newman's manner and characteristics and dealing briefly with the opposition which he had to face, he goes on to discuss his style. This he begins with a chapter on Newman's irony which is a particularly excellent and discriminating piece of work. We quote: "In tone, too, it [Newman's irony] is very different from Swift's irony; it is not enraged and blindly savage, but more like the best French irony—self-possessed, *sauve*, and oblique. Newman addresses himself with unflinching skill to the prejudices of those whom he is trying to move, and carries his readers, with him in a way that Swift was too contemptuous to aim at. Newman's irony wins the wavering while it routs the hostile."

The essay on Jeffrey is begun with the very pertinent question, "Who now reads Jeffrey?" The succeeding pages seek a reason for the inevitably negative answer. After a searching investigation, not only of Jeffrey's style, but also of his literary environment, and a technical and authoritative statement of the result, he arrives at the conclusion that Jeffrey never warranted the greatness which he formerly possessed. His position as editor of the "Edinburgh Review" and his tact in dealing with men were very largely responsible for the eminence he attained. But viewed from the more unbiased standpoint of later years he has subsided to his proper place. The discussion of Arnold is opened by illustrating the most noticeable characteristic of his style—"an unfortunate knack of exciting prejudice." He takes pains to impress upon the reader that Arnold was not merely (as some claim), a dilettante or literary fop but that "through a long period of years he was working diligently, wearisomely, in minutely practical ways, to better the educational system of England." Having shown us that Arnold was in reality a hard worker, he proceeds to tell something of that work and discuss its aim. His views on culture as the only source of perfection in any branch of activity and his belief as to the place and scope of criticism are then taken up, after which follows a more detailed treatment of his style.

The essays are uniformly smooth and well written and the quotations are very apt, especially in the study of Jeffrey where they are made to throw much light upon the author's meaning. The college professor shows itself frequently in parades of erudition and technicality. The following from the essay on Newman, is a noticeable example. "The mystical beauty of Nature, instead of calling up in his imagination a Platonic ideal world, as with Shelley or adumbrating the world of external verity of German transcendentalism, as with Wordsworth and Coleridge, suggests the presence and power of seraphs and angels." In spite of great clearness of expression and analytical power, the essays lack warmth and vivacity, and what is still more important, suggestiveness.

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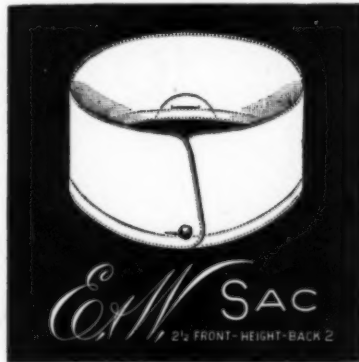
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